

9, Burroughs Place  
Boston, May 18. 1877.

Dear friend Garrison;— I feel that I must join my sorrow, grief, & tears with yours in the death of our dear, good Edmund Quincy, the tidings of which fell so heavily on my heart at noon to-day. A friend who rode in the cars to Dedham with him yest. aft<sup>n</sup>. said he seemed as well as usual. But in fact he was not feeling well; for he told the man, who came with carriage to meet him, to drive quickly to the house, for he was not well ~~then~~. He had to be assisted, almost borne, into the house; his daughter, not at home, nor any member of the family; he was laid upon a sofa in the parlor and died almost immediately. I have no direct information of the particulars; but the disorder is said to have been apoplexy. I had counted on his being one of the longest-lived of any of our old Antislavery Company. — even perhaps <sup>on</sup> his reaching his father's years. The world seems to me so much the poorer for his loss!—

I went out to your house last Tuesd. aftn.,  
to give you my farewells, and my most  
heartfelt sympathies. On the very eve of your  
departure, one of your own children, one out of  
your very special circle, one of your expected  
fellow-travellers struck down by a sharp and  
sudden blow! - our hearts were wrung for you,  
and for Wendell, and Mrs. McKim, and for  
all who loved her. A blessed relief from disease  
and pain, for her, - but oh, the void that is left.  
And now how lonely ~~will~~ will E. Quincy's  
daughter be - and what a desolation of her  
home in the loss of such a father. ~~Oh,~~  
for an overcoming faith, and the vision of  
these sweet fields where "everlasting Spring  
abides, and never-withering flowers".

Go, dear Garrison, with the blessings of  
many hearts upon you, and upon your good  
faithful son Frank. Comfort and gratify  
the numerous friends who will have warm  
welcomes for you, and refresh you own  
wearyed bodies and spirits; and be sure

of warmest greetings from your friends here when you come back, as we trust you will with great gains of health and spiritual power.

I have tried to think of some little gift for you that would be helpful or pleasant in your absence; and at last took a friend's suggestion to send you a little writing-paper, - for your journeys, - which I hope Frank may take along to you; and also hoping that you have not already supplied yourself with a sufficiently ~~handsome~~ of the same.

I know the voyage can bring you no pleasure; but I trust you will get through with it without very much sufferings. Take the best love of all my family, and be sure our thoughts and remembrance will go along with you. If you see any of the Webbs, or Sam'l Haughton, or Mary Estlin, or the Wighams, or Mr. Steinthal, or Wm. H. Channing (who is now at Manchester, is it?) please give my ~~best~~ love to them. Have you

seen the memoir-volume of James Haughton? His son S. was so kind as to send me a copy. Will you be so good as to express to him my thanks for it, and my respects, if you see him? I intend to write to him, & do the same, bye & bye.

Once again, dear friend, goodbye:-  
God bless you. The blessings of many, who were ready to perish, have long been yours. May you see of the travail of your soul and be satisfied - even in this mortal life.

With love to Frank anew,  
Ever your friend

Samuel May,